

## The Evening World

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## THE TROUBLE MAKER.

**P**ROPOSALS for the pacification of Mexico continue to annoy Carranza. He notifies us that "the Mexican Government and people will view with displeasure" any act tending to frustrate the achievements of the Constitutional Army "representing the hopes and ideals of the Mexican people."

We see nothing to indicate that the Mexican people are relying upon Carranza to realize their hopes and ideals. Nor do we believe, after studying the reports of shrewd observers of Mexican affairs, that these hopes and ideals are to be found among bandit generals and their followers who represent only a handful of the population and who are only intermittently in touch with even the commercial class.

The great body of the Mexican people is composed of elementary, not to say ignorant minds, mainly concerned with the simplest problems of food and employment. To secure orderly government for such people ought not to be difficult once there is an end of the fighting, massacring and plundering that have been going on over their heads.

It is in many ways encouraging that factional bitterness, arrogance and hatred of the United States seem to be concentrated more and more in Carranza. A boil often rounds up and carries off more widespread disease. If the cantankerous spirit in Mexico comes to a head in Carranza it may simplify the treatment and hasten a cure.

The Chicago Grand Jury has indicted four officers of the St. Joseph-Chicago Steamship Company and the captain and engineer of the Eastland. The company officials are charged with manslaughter, the boat's officers with criminal carelessness. It is now the turn of the Steamboat Inspectors.

## THE GRIND WILL COME.

**E**MPLOYEES on Italian railroads centering at Rome are reported to have refused a war bonus for extra work required during the mobilization of troops with the statement:

We should feel ourselves humiliated if we were not willing to give our toll while others give their lives to their country.

In the same spirit railroad men at Milan resolved not to accept \$3,000,000 lire (\$600,000) offered by the Government to compensate them for overtime service due to war needs.

All this is most creditable to the patriotism of the Italian workmen and in marked contrast to the state of mind which has prevailed among British workers in various fields. Still, it must be remembered that Italy has only recently entered the struggle. The terrible burden has not yet crushed its way down to the shoulders of the nation's everyday toilers. Nor have profits flowing into the coffers of employers in certain industries impelled their overdriven workers to demand a share. Italy has not yet begun to feel the grind.

Forty-four tons of gold jogging through the streets makes a fair parade. But there's more real joy in Buffalo Bill.

## EASILY WORTH A YACHT.

**M**R. COCHRAN'S \$500,000 steam yacht must go to the scrap heap, a victim of rapid electricity disintegration due to the combination of steel and Monel metal in her hull.

The owner is a rich man. Out of a loss which he can easily bear may come a discovery which will revolutionize motor power as applied to boats and vehicles. Thomas A. Edison, hearing of the extraordinarily swift electrical action in the metal work of the yacht, believes it may suggest the "electrical couple" he has been seeking for years as the basis of an ideal storage battery for submarines, automobiles, &c.

Such a battery is now the one thing needed to jump motor propulsion to a new plane of smoothness, noiselessness, compactness and economy. The perfected storage battery will, when found, instantly take its place with the gasoline engine and the ball-bearing as one of the three greatest modern discoveries in the field of motor mechanics. A yacht would be a small price to pay for it.

Mohammedans have always been reputed the most temperate people in the world. Yet here is the Sultan issuing irades against drunkenness. Maybe kultur drives 'em to it.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

It is almost as difficult to be a good neighbor as to have one.

A woman can be worth thousands and thousands of dollars and still make a poor wife.—Macon News.

The man with a pull can do no better than to employ it to pull up weeds.—Deseret News.

Sometimes the black sheep of a family gets married and becomes the goat.—Toledo Blade.

It had that comes in the course of a lifetime seems so much because

most of us neglect to put the good in the balance against it.

It is hard for a talkative person to understand that another may be at him for no reason other than that he has nothing to say.—Many Journal.

Any man who earns a deserved tribute to his wife earns the respect of his fellow men.—Omaha World-Herald.

The man who knows it all is never too full for utterance.

A burning thought isn't always as light in the darkness.—Deseret News.

## Letters From the People

"New Jersey's Lesson."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your article on "New Jersey's Lesson" voiced another of those warnings which should not be overlooked by the proper authorities. It is with- in the power of the State Legislature, I believe, to establish State Constabularies. They should, before long, do so. How many more such outbreaks of violence and lawlessness as at Bayonne must occur in various parts of the country before the need of such forces is apparent to every one? Fifteen or twenty mounted constables would probably have had the Bayonne strike under control in a few hours. As you say, there is something about the constabulary that commands respect. If each State had such a force ready I rather think the strikes of

the future would be very orderly.

L. O.

The Rainy Season.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I believe the climate is changing and that summer in this part of the world is becoming the "rainy season" of the tropics. We had a winter so mild that bluebirds were seen in the suburbs in January and February; a March so dusty and dry that there was not only a "peck of March dust" but a million pecks of it; an April with one day's temperature at 91; a May and June when the thermometer occasionally sank to little above 40, and from mid-June until nearly mid-August a rain-fall nearly every day (in spite of the fact that St. Swithin's Day was rainless). Can any one recall such an other eight months as these? M. J.

## Feeding Mexico

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I'VE made up my mind to one thing," said Mrs. Jarr, as she came in the other evening. "And that is, there's going to be new rules and regulations in this house from now on!"

Mr. Jarr said nothing, as he rather thought he was due for something anyway—the domestic going having been very smooth for him for some days past.

"Yes," Mrs. Jarr went on, as she removed her hat; "yes, there certainly are going to be new rules and regulations in this house!"

"Isn't everything all right?" asked Mr. Jarr, a little awkwardly. "I thought it was. I haven't been doing anything, I know."

"You!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, YOU behave all right—when anybody's looking, I'll be bound! You are getting cautious as you grow older. Men are such sneaky things, anyway. Of course, I don't know what you're doing when you're out of sight, and I suppose I should be thankful for that. What I don't know won't hurt me!"

"Aw, gee! don't let's scrap," said Mr. Jarr, resignedly. "I don't feel like fighting, honest!"

"Now, listen to the man!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "One would think to hear him talk that I was a veritable shrew, a common scold! I'm sure that a better-natured woman never lived than I am, but you men are so vain a woman can't say a word about anything but what you think you mean YOU. Well, I don't mean you, Mr. Jarr, at least not THIS time!"

"Oh," said Mr. Jarr, with an air of relief. "I don't get mine this time?"

"I don't know what you mean," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But I wish you would let me get a word in edgewise, and I'll try to explain it's about the children, and I must say that the way they act is your fault!"

"My fault!" repeated Mr. Jarr, in amazement.

"Yes, your fault," said Mrs. Jarr. "You encourage little Willie to be a ruffian. You talk of things you did as a boy—running away from home, throwing stones and breaking windows, stealing fruit and fighting with schoolmates—right in front of the child, and so tacitly encourage him to do all those things."

"You don't want him to be a molly-coddle, do you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No, and I don't want him to be a booby, either!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I want him to be a little gentleman. You are just as bad with Emma. You

spoil that child till I can do nothing with her. If she's naughty you encourage her, and interpose when I go to punish her. She knows if she cries she can do anything with you!"

"She looks like her mother when she cries," mumbled Mr. Jarr.

This softened Mrs. Jarr a little, but she didn't want to let on.

"Well, goodness knows you've made her mother cry enough to catch the likeness!" she said. "But," she added, "I've been at Mrs. Marsh-Mallows', and her two little children are like little wax dolls. Their manners are perfect and they never get a spot on

their clothes and they play the loveliest 'Duetts for Children' on the piano together. So I've made up my mind to set some new rules for our two, for they are simply becoming incorrigible!"

She called in the children and first addressed Willie.

"Now, remember, Willie, if you stick out your tongue at your little sister you will be severely punished. Emma, if you come crying with tales on your brother you shall be punished, too! Now, go back to your play."

The children, who had been playing all day without a single discord to mar their pleasure, retired to the dining room, gazing sullenly at each other. They had hardly reached the

dining room before a loud cry arose from the little girl, and she came running to her mother, screaming at the top of her voice: "Willie stuck his tongue out at me!"

And Mrs. Jarr, in the first flush of reform, spanked the little boy for sticking out his tongue, and also spanked the little girl for telling on him.

Mrs. Jarr was always strong for peace and happiness in the home, even if she had to establish a domestic inquisition to accomplish the same.

Things You Should Know  
Vaccine Virus.

WHEN the New York State Department of Health has been asked to recommend a safe vaccine for smallpox it has recommended that propagated by its Health Department, for the reason that this virus is protected by unusually rigid precautions, and that its manufacture is carried on by a public department, for the public benefit and good, without the question of personal profit to any one.

This vaccine virus for smallpox is propagated upon calves at Orangeville, Orange County, N. Y. The calves are inspected by the Department veterinarian at the time they are bought and during the detention period previous to their vaccination. These calves are then vaccinated with virus taken from other calves there which have cowpox, that is the name given to the disease when cows have it.

The newly vaccinated calves then have a mild case of cowpox and more virus is taken from them at just the right time.

## Mrs. Jarr Has Started a Reform That Will Die a Natural Death

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The newly vaccinated calves then have a mild case of cowpox and more virus is taken from them at just the right time.

After the vaccine is taken from the calves it is collected under careful antiseptic precautions in a separate operating room, which is as absolutely clean as the stables, having tiled walls and concrete floors.

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon  
By Helen Rowland

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**H**ARKEN, my Daughter, unto the Creed of a Husband, which he believeth with all his heart.

Thou art my Wife and my life and the only woman on whom I have bestowed the legal right to love me.

Therefore, I charge thee, LOVE me!

Love me, whatsoever befall me; love me to-day, yesterday and forever; yea, even before breakfast.

Love me, even though my top hair departeth, and my girth waxeth until it resembleth Caruso's.

Love me, even without a collar and a shave; even though I smoke an ancient pipe; even though I am filled with grouches and the bitterness of the "morning after."

Moreover, I charge thee, TRUST me, even when thou knowest that I am fooling thee; believe me, even when thou knowest that I am lying. Have FAITH in me, even when my breath is sweet with cloves and thou detectest the scent of sachet and poudre de riz upon my coat lapel. Likewise, agree with me—even when thou knowest that I am wrong. Listen unto me, even though I may babble nonsense and fairy tales.

ADMIRE me—even in a bathing suit, when my nose peeth and my shoulders are covered with sunburn. Flatter me, even though I wear my fishing clothes and be disguised beneath a two-days' beard; give me compliments in return for criticism and adoration in return for gentle tolerance.

Yea, JOLLY me!

Feed me, even when thou perceivest that I am filled to my capacity; feed me and tremble not, when thou seeest chronic dyspepsia staring me in the face and embonpoint threatening my chiton.

PET me, even though I growl and pretend not to like it; coddle me even though I be two hours late for dinner and cannot remember why. WAIT for me, until the heavens crack; even though I may only have lingered for a game of pool, or stopped at the fountains of refreshment where the mint aboundeth, be thou "THERE" when I return to greet me with a smile of joy.

Above all, I charge thee, RESPECT my wisdom.

Yea, LOOK UP to me, even though thou must, peradventure, go down upon thy knees in order to do so.

For, I am thy HUSBAND, the bestower of checks and kisses, and the dispenser of food and raiment and charity. Therefore, when thou desirest inspiration, look at me; when thou yearnest for diversion, harken unto my jokes and witticisms; when thou pinest for mental stimulus, think of me.

And, when thou sighest for LOVE, remember that I married thee, and that, therefore, it followeth that I MUST love thee! Selah.

## For the Picnic.

**A**T a picnic the other day the housewife was fortunate enough to get possession of a table and then juggled over two exceedingly heavy market baskets (that had proved a heavy burden up the hill) and proceeded to set the table.

"I am glad we got this table," she said, "because I've cooked a lot of things and I can serve them better at a table."

She spread a tablecloth on the table, and when I remonstrated she replied: "Oh, everything looks so much better on the table."

"But you might have used one of crepe paper," I informed her, and the woman was surprised to learn that she could have purchased a white crepe paper table-cover, one yard square, at 10 cents, and one 6x8x4 inches at 15 cents.

"Dear me," she sighed, "and then I could have saved myself the task of doing up this heavy linen cloth."

She used the paper plates—she got fifteen for five cents—she got a set of the following articles: Plates, doilies, napkins, waxed wrappers and drinking cups. A set of each of these will be all that is required for a small picnic party.

"Next time I go on a picnic I will have all these table accessories you have mentioned. They will take up less space and mean a saving of strength."

In a wooden dish for so long a journey, and then it doesn't look nice. "A sheet of paraffin paper in the dish would have overcome these objections. You could have secured a large quantity for five cents. Then you might have baked the pork and beans in one of the paraffin baking dishes. You can buy a dozen for from 10 to 25 cents, according to size.

Forks and knives are quite unnecessary at a picnic. We could have eaten this entire dinner with a spoon, and you can get nice looking ones at three cents a dozen."

The foolish woman had cups to serve the cold tea in. She might have taken the paper drinking cups; she could have bought five for five cents.

She had a brick of ice cream packed in a thermos box which she served in paper saucers. "I happened to run across these sets," she triumphantly exclaimed. "There are five saucers, spoons, napkins, doilies and sandwich wrappers in a package and it costs only five cents. I saw another combination package at 5 cents which contained five of each of the following articles: Plates, doilies, napkins, waxed wrappers and drinking cups. A set of each of these will be all that is required for a small picnic party."

"Next time I go on a picnic I will have all these table accessories you have mentioned. They will take up less space and mean a saving of strength."

Great sorrows, like great schemes, are generally matured in the shade. If I had to choose the tombs where most hopes and affections are buried I should turn, I think, not to those with the longest inscriptions of questionable poetry or blameless Latinity, but to where just the initials and a cross are cut on the single stone.

Oh, rigid mother of the Gracchi, how we all respect you enthroned in the comfortable temple of virtue! Inevitably, perhaps, unassailable! "She was rightly served," says Cornelia. "Such women ought to be miserable." Your dictum must stand for the present. The Court is with you. But I believe other balances will weigh the severity of temptation, the weakness of human endurance, the sincerity of repentance and the extent of suffered retribution, when the Father of all that have lived and erred since the world began shall make up His jewels. In that day I think the light of many orthodox virgins and dignified matrons will pale before the softer lustre of Magdalen the Saint.

It is true that in unravelling the cord of a man's existence you will generally find the bluest ink in it twined by a woman's hand, but it is not so common to trace the golden thread to the same spindle.

How many women are there who never meet without mingling in a close embrace, when each is to the other a murderer in heart? Are there not men sitting constantly at each other's tables who, in the golden age, would have encountered only at the sword's point?

It would be well if a system of reciprocal marital agency were put into operation. We cannot send our wives abroad surrounded by a guard. Our climate is too uncertain and influenza too prevalent for us to watch their windows ourselves, as they do at Cadiz. Fancy mounting guard at Eaton Square shrouded in a yellow fog on the chance of surprising a for-